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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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IT is a common phraſe, when we ſpeak of a perſon who has nothing remarkably bad in his diſpoſition, that he is a *good ſort of a man*; but of theſe *good ſort of men* there are multitudes to be met with, who are more troubleſome and offenſive than a ſwarm of gnats within one's bed-curtains.

A *good ſort of a man* is ſometimes he, who from ſhallowneſs of parts and a narrow education, believes every action of mankind, that is not calculated to promote ſome pious or virtuous end, to be blameable and vicious. He preſcribes to himſelf rules for the conduct of life, and cenſures thoſe who differ from him as immoral

moral or irreligious. Walking in the fields on a ſunday, or taking up a news-paper, is an offence againſt Heaven. I have heard a young lady ſeverely reprimanded for reading a Spectator upon that day; and I have known it prophecied of a boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be an Atheiſt, for having written GOD with a little g, and Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this *good ſort of a man*, to ſay "Lord bleſs me," is a breach of the third commandment; and to affirm, *upon one's word*, that this or that thing is true or falſe, is downright ſwearing.

To ſuch characters as theſe, the infidelity of others may in ſome meaſure be owing. To avoid one extreme we are apt to run into another; and becauſe one man happens to believe a good deal too much, another is determined to believe nothing at all.

DURING the uſurpation of Cromwell, we were a nation of pſalm-ſingers; which is the beſt reaſon I can give for the inundation of baudy ſongs that poured in upon us at the reſtoration: for though the king and his court were indefatigable in the propagation of wantonneſs (and everybody knows how apt men are to copy the manners of a court) they would have found it a very hard taſk to debauch the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom of enthuſiaſts.

ANOTHER, though leſs miſchievous, *good ſort of a man* is he, who upon every occaſion, or upon no occaſion at all, is teazing you with ADVICE. This gentleman is generally a very grave perſonage, who happening either to have out-lived his paſſions, or to have been formed without any, regulates all his actions by the rules of prudence. He viſits you in a morning, and is ſorry to hear you call thoſe perſons your friends who kept you at the King's-

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arms laſt night after the clock had ſtruck twelve. He tells you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred and two years old, who never was up after ſun-ſetting, nor abed after ſun-riſing. He informs you of thoſe meats which are eaſieſt of digeſtion, preſcribes watergruel for your breakfaſt, and harangues upon the poiſon of made diſhes. He knows who caught a fever by going upon the water, and can tell you of a young lady who had the rheumatiſm in all her limbs by wearing an India perſian in the middle of October. If at a jovial meeting of friends, you happen to have drank a ſingle glaſs too much, he talks to you of dropſies and inflamations, and wonders that a man will buy pleaſure in an evening, at the expence of a head-ach in the morning. That ſuch a perſon may really be a *good ſort of a man*, and that he may give his advice out of pure humanity, I am very ready to allow; but I cannot help thinking (and I am no advocate for intemperance) that if it was not now and then for giving prudence the ſlip, and for a little harmleſs playing the fool, life would be a very inſipid thing.

A THIRD *good ſort of man*, is one who calls upon you every day, and tells you what the people ſay of you abroad. As how "Mr. Nokes was very warm in your "praiſes, and that Mr. Stiles agreed with him in opini-"on; but that Mr. Roe and Mrs. Doe, who by the by "pretend to be your friends, were continually coming "in with one of their ill-natured IFS, but they "are like the reſt of the world. You have a thouſand "enemies, though you do nothing to deſerve them. "I wonder what could provoke Mr. A. to fall upon "you with ſo much violence before lady B.; but then "to hear Mr. C. and Miſs D. who are under ſuch ob-"ligations to you, join in the abuſe, was what, I own,

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" I did not expect. But there is no ſincerity among " us; and I verily believe you have not a friend " in the whole world beſides myſelf." Thus does he run on, not only leſſening you in your own opinion, but robbing you of the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction of life, that of thinking yourſelf eſteemed by thoſe with whom you converſe. If you happen to be in any public character, the Lord have mercy upon you! for unleſs you can ſtop your ears to the croakings of theſe ravens, you muſt be miſerable indeed. There are very few *good ſort of men* that are more pernicious than theſe: for as almoſt every man in the world is curious of knowing what another thinks of him, he will be perpetually liſtening to abuſes upon himſelf, till he grows a hater of his kind. It is for this reaſon that diſſimulation is often to be ranked among the virtues; for if every man of your acquaintance, inſtead of aſſuring you of his eſteem and regard, was to tell you that he did not care a ſtraw for you (which twenty to one is the truth) the motives to benevolence would be entirely deſtroyed; and though the " loving thoſe that hate us" be a precept of chriſtianity, it would puzzle me to name a chriſtian of my acquaintance, who has grace enough to practice it.

A FOURTH *good ſort of a man*, and with whom I ſhall conclude this paper, is the man of CEREMONY. But as this character is drawn from the life by one of my correſpondents who has felt the inconvenience of it, I ſhall give it to my readers in his own words.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I BELONG to a club of very honeſt fellows in the city, who meet once a week to kill care and be innocently merry. Every one of us uſed to ſing his ſong or tell his ſtory

ſtory for the entertainment of his friends, and to be good-naturedly jocoſe upon the foibles of the company. But all our merriment has been at a ſtand for ſome time, by the admiſſion of a new member, who it ſeems is a perſon of very FINE BREEDING. You muſt know that he is our ſuperior in fortune; from which conſideration we ſhew him a great deal of reſpect. At his entrance into the club-room we all riſe from our chairs, and it is not till he has paid his compliments to each of us ſeparately, and kept us ſtanding for near a quarter of an hour, that he entreats us to be ſeated. He then hopes that we are all perfectly well, and that we caught no colds that day ſe'nnight by walking home from the club; for that the night was foggy, or it was rainy, or it was cold, or it was ſomething or other, that gave him a good deal of pain till he ſaw us again. After we have all made our bows, and aſſured him of our exceeding good healths, the enquiry begins after our ladies and families. He is always ſo unfortunate as to forget the number and names of our children, for which he moſt heartily begs pardon, and hopes the dear little creatures, whom he has not the pleaſure of knowing, will forgive him for his want of memory. The finiſhing this ceremony generally takes us up about an hour; after which, as he is the firſt man of the club, it is neceſſary in point of good-manners that he ſhould find us in converſation; and to ſay the truth, ſince his admiſſion into our ſociety, we have none of us a word to ſay, unleſs it be in anſwer to his enquiries. And now it is that we are entertained with the hiſtory of a dinner at lady Fidfad's, at which were preſent lord and lady Lavender, ſir Nicholas Picktooth, and a world of polite company. He names every diſh to us in the order it was placed, tells

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